The Mystical Companionship of Jesus

BY A LAYMAN

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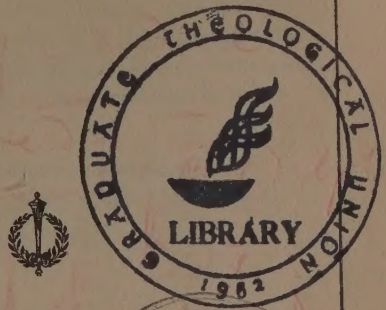
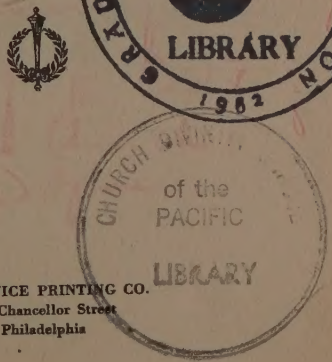
By
A LAYMAN
(W. H. JEEFERYS, A. M., M. D.)





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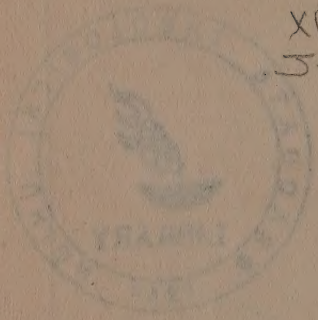

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Foreword

In its original form much of the material of these meditations was grouped under the title "My Christ" and consisted of private meditations together with prayers written in the form of letters to Christ. It was unthinkable to put into print anything so personal, and therefore with added material they were arranged in their present form and first printed in THE CHURCHMAN under the title of Saturday Night Meditations by a Layman.

They are affectionately dedicated to
THE PHILADELPHIA PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CITY MISSION

21533

I. The Pearl—My Christ

He finds one pearl of surpassing value; . . . and though it costs all he has, he buys it.—St. Matt. 13:46.

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

My Christ, I desire above all things that men may but know Thee as Thou art!

DR. R. W. DALE was a somewhat musty and entirely conventional parson in England until quite late in life. Then he wrote a book which is said "to have done more for the people of America in making them realize that Christ is really alive than any other preacher or book." How he came to write *The Living Christ,* so he said, was in this way:

> He was writing an Easter sermon, and when halfway through the thought of the Risen Lord broke in upon him as it had never done before. "'Christ is alive!' I said to myself. 'Alive,' and then I paused; 'Alive,' and then I paused again. 'Alive! Can that really be true? Living as really as I, myself, am?' I got up, walked about, repeating 'Christ is living!' 'Christ is living!' At first it seemed strange and hardly true, but at last it came upon me as a burst of sudden glory; yes, Christ is living. It was to me a new discovery. I thought that all along I had believed it; but not until that moment did I feel sure about it. I then said, 'My people shall know it, I shall preach about it again and again until they believe it as I do now.'" For months afterwards in every sermon, the living Christ was his one great theme.

It is said that from that time Dr. Dale's power and ministry spread over two continents, the power of the Resurrection in one man. So was the great book written.

Bishop Brooks was never commonplace. He seems to have always *known*. And yet in a letter to a fellow-minister, he wrote this late in life:

> I say in deep reverence and humility. I do not think it is the mere quietness of advancing age. I am sure it is not indifference to anything which I used to care for. I am sure that it is a deeper knowledge and truer love of Christ. And it seems to me impossible that this should have come in any way except by the experience of life. I find myself pitying the friends of my youth, who died when we were twenty-five years old, because whatever may be the richness of the life to which they have gone, and in which they have been living ever since, they never can know that particular manifestation of Christ which He makes to us here on earth, at each successive period of our human life. All experience comes to be but more and more of pressure of His life on ours. It cannot come by one flash of light, or one great convulsive event. It comes without haste and without rest in this perpetual living of our life with Him. And all the history, of outer or inner life, of the changes of circumstance, or the changes of thought, gets its meaning and value from this constantly growing relation to Christ. I cannot tell you how personal this grows to me. *He is here. He knows me and I know Him. It is no figure of speech. It is the realest thing in the world.* And every day makes it realer. And one wonders with delight what it will grow to as the years go on.

The most glorious adventure in all the history of the world is this adventure of God's love for His creation, that long reach of God from the heart of Love—to the thief on the Cross, to the last man, and the next greatest of all adventures is this response of mankind to the seeking love of God, the reach of men from the world of the mark and sign of reality into the very heart of reality itself, the fairyland of God's reality. The adventure began in the beginning when the Spirit moved upon the waters and God said, "Let there be light." "I will make man in My image." And the end will be when Christ's prayer is answered, and in the consummation of the Great Fellowship man shall be made perfect in love.

Of course, in the long, long upward struggle of the race toward God's conscious companionship there have ever been pioneers just as there have been in the realms

of art, of science, or of any of the indirect approaches to Him. There has always been genius in religion, from the dim gropings of our forest-born ancestors for co-operation and fellowship,

Grim, shaggy forms that, stooping, pressed with thumb'd
And padded feet the gloomy forest halls
Of man's most ancient home;
Or, tiring, swayed and swung
With ponderous grace, silent and shadowless,
Through towering groves, in stealthy search of prey,
Your dim life's only aim;
And knew nor right nor wrong!
(From "The Pioneers.")

to the far later days when men began to know the laws of God and to long for His living touch. Gradually the vague longings began to take definite form and men began to know that at some future time, and in His own way, God must do that perfectly natural thing—reach down out of the larger life, become concrete, touch and establish conscious communion with His home-sick creation.

The form of this contact was often dimly and imperfectly apprehended, but the necessity and its inevitableness were clearly anticipated. Some men knew that some day God would come and dwell among them. It is as Browning says of the poets:

But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know.

And then, in one of the darkest hours the world has ever known, silently, humbly, painfully, was born in a stable, a man-child—the splendor of God's humility.

It was in "the fullness of time"—as soon as one living soul could recognize Him, then the time had come.

Jesus, Emanuel, God with us.

An old woman utters a loud cry of joy: "Blessed art thou among women." The mother cries out: "My spirit triumphs in God, my Saviour." An old priest echoes: "Blessed be the Lord because He has not forgotten, and has raised up a mighty deliverer." Shepherds on the

hills hear the glory singing through the night, "Glory be to God in the highest heavens." The expectant, watchful East sees His star, and comes to worship. Even Herod, among the devils, believes and trembles.

The Light is breaking. Jesus, the boy, speaks of His Father's business, and Mary does some deep thinking. St. John of the wilderness is the voice of dawn out of the long, long night: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Weymouth's translation calls Nathanael "without deceitfulness." His eyes are very clear. It is almost by intuition that he exclaims, "Rabbi, you are the Son of God. You are Israel's King."

Jesus sets about His Father's business. "Never man spake like this man." The Friend of mankind. Living Love become Man. Many see Him and wonder and puzzle and argue. The lure of Love grows stronger and stronger. St. John the Baptist is doubtful and sends Him a message: "Art Thou He?" And Jesus answers, "Go tell John what you have seen." The veil is lifting. He is seen and pondered over, but He is so human, so much a man. "Is not this the carpenter's son?"

In the face of the raising of Lazarus, it is hardly to be wondered at that even the practical Martha exclaimed: "Yes, Master, I thoroughly believe that you are the Christ, the Son of God, Who was to come into the world."

The Twelve forsake all and follow Him, Simon among the lot, the simplest, the least abstruse, the most unlettered, just a plain every-day fisherman.

At last Jesus asks them, "Who do people say that the Son of Man is?" And, just as today, there were many answers.

Jesus asks again, "But you, who do you say that I am?"

And creation stands silent, listening.

"You are the Christ, the Son of the ever-living God."

"Blessed are you, Simon," said Jesus, "for mere human nature has not revealed this to you, but My Father in Heaven."

"You are the Rock and on this Rock I will build the stronghold of My Kingdom of Love."

"I will give you the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven."

At His trial, the High Priest asked Jesus directly and on oath, "In the name of the ever-living God, I now put you on your oath, tell us whether you are the Christ, the Son of God." Jesus answered, "I am He." Still we are following His earthly footsteps.

Even Pilate writes on His Cross, "This is Jesus, the King," and in the face of His impending death at the physical hands of his own soldiers, the Captain faces the Cross and exclaims, "Assuredly He was God's Son."

Then Jesus died and was buried.

The first person to whom Jesus spoke on Easter morning was Mary of Magdala. She calls Him "Teacher," and says to the disciples, "I have seen the Master," but there is a period of strange uncertainty and of only partial recognition. He is passing from the world of the sign.

There is the same period of uncertainty followed by recognition in the case of Peter on the seashore, by the two on the way to Emmaus, by Thomas and by others, a sort of twilight between things visible and things invisible, a land where things are seen dimly as if in a steel mirror, and men are puzzled. Did you ever look into an Eastern mirror?

Jesus says, "It is expedient for you that I go away." "I will send the Spirit Who will teach you all things of Me." And He vanished out of their sight. The sign is withdrawn. "My Kingdom is not of this world."

We have yet to speak of two recognitions of Christ; one that of Stephen at that supreme moment when his own soul was passing through the veil. His face was like the face of an angel. "I can see Heaven wide open," he said, "and the Son of Man standing at God's right hand." "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." "Lord, do not reckon this sin against them."

And Saul fully approved his murder. Saul has been called the "Angel of Destruction." I do not suppose that in all the history of the world one could pick out a man more calculated to be immune against a mystical vision than that hard-headed, intellectual Pharisee who had made it his business in life to wipe out the troublesome followers of the man whom he confesses he never saw,

but who was well known to have been executed as a trouble-maker, to have died and been buried. A Pharisee of the Pharisees. Saul saw Stephen die and heard what he said. He approved of Stephen's death. Later on, he started out with a commission to continue this work, but somehow or other he got thinking the thing over on the road to Damascus. What was it that Stephen had in mind? What was the inspiration of that prayer? Why was he praying anyhow, and to whom? Suddenly a great light breaks out upon Saul's soul. "I am the Light of the world." He cannot understand, but he asks the same question, "Who art thou, Lord?" And the answer is, "I am Jesus." "What wouldst Thou have me to do?" "Go witness." This is the man, the "Angel of Destruction," the murderer of Christians, who became the greatest missionary the world has ever seen. This is the man who wrote "The greatest of these is Love." This is the man who said "To me, to live is Christ," and whom the Church calls the "Apostle of the Resurrection."

Jesus says, "I am the Light of the world," but He adds, *"As long as I am in the world, I am the Light of the world."*

All through the centuries millions have seen Jesus. Countless thousands have more or less recognized Him. The Church sings, "Thou are the King of Glory, O Christ. Thou are the everlasting Son of the Father."

Anyone who looks at Him, more or less sees Him—but many do not at all recognize Him. Yet, this is Life Eternal, *to know.* Our business on earth is to recognize Jesus, to know Him, and to make Him known.

I have headed this introduction to our meditations together, *The Pearl.* Jesus uses the pearl as the symbol of the priceless thing. He is speaking of the kingdom of the Spirit, God's Kingdom of Love, the place where He dwells, the kingdom He rules, the "Where I am, there shall My servant be also." It is hardly a change in the symbol to use it in our thoughts of Jesus Himself. Speaking of Jesus's friendship, His fellowship, His companionship, there is no more perfect figure than the pearl of great price, the priceless jewel, the treasure which any man having once seen and recognized will sell all

that he has, including himself, and count it cheap for the possession thereof. "I count all things but refuse for the surpassing worth of the knowledge of Christ." But in saying this, which is also my own witness, I want to make it perfectly clear that I am not thinking of any particular theological interpretation, nor of any dissected Christ of German research, nor of any mere historic figure, and least of all, of any interpretation convenient but not according to fact, and not even of the Christ of the Gospel text which makes the sublimest portrait on the walls of time. These are the Christs that the imagination of man devises, but Him that I am speaking of is the living Reality, "Wonderful," Jesus, our Friend, our Best-Beloved, our Christ and our God, and not our conception of Him, but His revelation of Himself to us.

O little town of Bethlehem!
  How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
  The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
  The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
  Are met in thee tonight.

II. The Fairyland of Reality

The things unseen are eternal.

Whatsoever has been born of the flesh is flesh and whatsoever has been born of the Spirit is Spirit. Do not be astonished at my telling you, you must all be born anew.—St. John 3:6-12.

MYSTICISM is an essential part of all religion. It is the most satisfactory thing to the possessor imaginable, and the most unsatisfactory thing to the fellow who has it not. The mystic has spiritual sight and hearing which the other fellow does not possess or has not made venture of. He recognizes the presence of modes or planes of being of which the other fellow has not become conscious. He actually has a sixth sense—the spiritual apprehension of reality. The other fellow "knows" that the table on which he puts his hand is real. The mystic smiles because he knows it is not. The other fellow thinks there may be a God. The mystic knows there is God. The other fellow thinks a mystic is unpractical because he will not make a museum out of his soul. The mystic will only handle what the other fellow calls "facts" in their sacramental sense.

Creation is, to the mystic, the thought of God. To the other fellow it is, as it were, all there is. One of the most illuminating expressions that I can recall is our Lord's "My Kingdom is not of this world." Another is, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, but unto God the things that are God's."

To the unmystical, our Lord's life is an example—how we should do the thing. To the mystic it is *the Way*. One is the map, the other is the road. It is not a question of imitating; it is a question of *union with*. To understand Christian mysticism I have found the attitude of faith most helpful. To put it very simply, it is the attitude not of "I wonder if there is a God somewhere," but "God is in all. Let me see if I can find Him in this." When one does this, he doesn't expect

prayer to be answered by a loud voice; one learns that when God speaks He creates.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell recently wrote:

> The mystics have always been consistent in their testimony that there is a higher state of consciousness open to every human being who is willing to fulfil the conditions for its attainment here and now, a state of consciousness as much above our present normal self-awareness as the mind of a man is superior to that of a child . . . There are probably very few people who have not at one time or another had glimpses of it or, at least, brief intimations, however fleeting, of the existence of a heightened and intensified mode of being, compared with which our ordinary familiar consciousness of ourselves and of life as a whole is
>
> As moonlight unto sunlight
> And as water unto wine.

It has been said of Jesus that

All fair things loved Him, streams and sounding seas,
Birds in the cloudland shaking melodies,
Like softly falling rain.
The lilies in the long lush meadow grass, the whispering trees,
The waves of shadow and of sheen that pass o'er hill and plain
Spoke to His Spirit. . . .

All fair things love Him because He loves all fair things. No one has a more perfect appreciation of the beauties and the relative values of all natural things. The reason, of course, lies in the fact that Jesus recognizes that nature is the outward and visible sign of the mind of God. It is God's thoughts, uttered. Jenny Wren, keeping the world cheerful, is one of God's thoughts. She is an expression of His mind, a direct word which a man may hear or fail to hear. Jesus never fails to hear. He knows Whose voice is speaking, that beyond the sign is the everlasting basic reality, God Eternal speaking to those who have eyes to see, and ears to hear.

To hear chords sounding in the herd's deep lowing,
To taste that daily bread is twice life-giving,
To feel that air is less than we are breathing
And see a vision where the west wind's blowing.

It is an extraordinary thing that so many who have given their lives to the minute study of the thoughts of God as expressed in nature, have so concentrated their minds on the mechanism that they have forgotten or failed entirely to see beyond the outward sign. It is as if we were counting the wave lengths of Jenny Wren's utterance; but, finding that restless body inconvenient for study, we should substitute a tin whistle, finally forgetting that there ever was a tree with Jenny on it.

When Jesus said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me," He founded the statement on a law of God, the magnetic power of love. The reason all men are not drawn to Him is twofold; first, because men look at the Cross with blind eyes, they see but do not perceive, and in the second place, because we do not lift Him up. We lift up ourselves, our successes, our members, our interpretations, our denominations, our professionalism, everything in heaven and in earth but the one compelling thing, the perfect love of God.

It has been said that to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven one must become as a child again. Now one of the characteristics of childhood is the passion for fairy stories. In these there is a commonplace world or plane of existence, where things are mighty humdrum at times, and there are oppressed and wing-tied souls that long for release. There comes along some commonplace mortal who changes into a being of light and power. This being establishes a way between the humdrum world and fairyland. Sometimes the way is a stick, occasionally it is a cap or a pair of shoes, most often it has something to do with a stone or a jewel. Faith is always required, and a spirit of adventure. It is almost a characteristic of fairyland that there is nothing new there, but all things have become new through a heightened sensitiveness of hearing and sight and understanding. The common expression is that "things are seen as they really are"; their truth becomes evident, their beauty enhanced in the light. There is, however, always some commonplace outward and visible thing which is the point of entrance into the portals of fairyland.

Let us take for example that most beautiful of all modern fairy stories, Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*. Here we have two peasant children leading a very humdrum existence, with their wings clipped by comparison with the great house across the way. The Blue Bird expresses their longing for expansion. Neighbor Berlingot, a commonplace person, is perceived to be really a fairy—Berylune. When the drama opens, the home-setting of the children is seen in all its musty insipidity. They are given the chance to present the Blue Bird to a sick neighboring child, and it never occurs to them to respond. Then things begin to happen, and the fairy is perceived. Immediately the transformation begins; there is the diamond in the boy's cap, which must be turned, and he stands on the threshold of fairyland. Light is the guide and the company is made up, as it were, of pigs with wings, that is, every-day life glorified. And so they start out on their quest for the Blue Bird. The end of the story finds them on Christmas morning, awake and at home. It is the same home, but all things are made new. Every sign has its reality beyond it. Life is a sacrament. And, as the children come to the critical point of decision and hold the old pigeon in their hands outstretched in love and sacrifice, they find here at home the Blue Bird of happiness at last.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see.
Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

III. The Threshold of Fairyland

"Master," said Thomas, "we do not know where you are going. In what sense do we know the way?"

"I am the Way," replied Jesus, "and the Truth and the Life. No one comes to the Father except through Me. If you—all of you—knew Me, you would fully know My Father also."—St. John 14:1-9.

A TRYST is an appointment or arrangement between two persons to meet each other. To keep a tryst it is necessary that both persons should keep the appointment under the prescribed conditions and that they should recognize each other. Fairies always make trysts —to be kept on the threshold of fairyland. If one party fails to keep the appointment, the tryst is broken and they do not meet. If one is forgetful as to the time and place, it is a failure as far as the tryst goes. If one refuses to recognize the other or cannot be persuaded that this is truly he, it is useless.

Some years ago, I planned to write a book jointly with a man who was living in far Formosa and whom I had never seen. We worked at it by correspondence for five years until the time came for a final review of it together, and we agreed to meet in the lobby of a certain hotel in Shanghai, China, at a certain hour on a particular day. Well, the day and the hour came and we were both there, but our ideas of each other were so very different from the facts that we stood side by side for ten minutes looking all about, when it occurred to one of us to ask the other if, by any chance, he happened to be Dr. The-Other-Fellow. Being mere men, we had never thought to exchange photographs. After that, I used sometimes to wire ahead on my missionary journeys, "Look out for a green felt hat."

In approaching the study of some of Christ's trysts with you and me, may I remind you of a few facts of peculiar and very vital interest?

In the first place, the trysts of Jesus are not accidental, but deliberate, often very clearly expressed and insistent.

They are usually direct commands—"Do this." "You did it,—you did it not." "If you do not, neither will I."

In the second place, they are many, not few, for within the heart of most that He says, is somewhere a tryst offered or implied. Some of them are repeated, others are repeated but approached from different points of view.

Again, all the trysts of Jesus are sacramental trysts. That is, they deal with an outward and visible sign kept, and an inward and spiritual reality attained.

Again, the trysts of Jesus are founded on unbreakable laws of the spiritual world. This is true of our every-day life. Certain laws regulate the results of our actions. Human friendships are governed by law. They cannot exist unless they are founded on absolute trust. Happiness and unhappiness are based on obedience or disobedience to law. The foolish virgins could not get oil from the wise ones, in order to see the Bridegroom. They had failed to keep the law and the tryst was of no avail. We cannot alter the laws of the spiritual world, because they are the laws of reality. If we would keep tryst with Jesus, we must obey His Law.

In fact, all the trysts of Jesus are, without exception, built and stand or fall on the power to love, or perhaps it would be more subtly accurate to say, the will to love. In His Kingdom there is no place for unlove. "Go ye, because ye did it not." "Come ye, blessed of My Father, because ye did it."

The trysts of Jesus, in spite of their simple terminology, are not, at least fundamentally, trysts of time or of place, but of being. "Under certain definite conditions, I am with you always and to the ends of the world." Essentially, they are trysts of spiritual union, of being, of harmony, of oneness, of presence, of in-each-otherness, of unity of life, work and purpose. It is not a case of what or where—it is always a question of whom.

Not what, but WHOM, I do believe,
That, in my darkest hour of need,
Hath comfort that no mortal creed
To mortal man may give;—

Not what, but WHOM!
For Christ is more than all the creeds,
And His full life of gentle deeds
Shall all the creeds outlive.
—*John Oxenham.*

As à Kempis says, "Seek Jesus in all things and in all things you will find Jesus."

In all our thoughts of the fellowship of Jesus we must on our part keep deeply fixed that this same Jesus is the express image of the Father; "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." He is God in concrete form, such form as you and I can see and hear and grasp and know. On no other basis can the tryst be kept, on this basis we can trust Him utterly, can follow Him through hell into the Kingdom of His perfect Love.

> Martha saith unto him, I know that we shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life. (Always the *Way*) he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this? She saith unto Him, Yea, Lord: I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.

Now let us, if we may, build up a conception of the conditions and character of a spiritual tryst, an appointment of meeting between soul and soul.

Friendships are founded on faith, and without faith, confidence, trust, there is no friendship. "I have called you friends, because all that I have heard from My Father I have made known to you." All our human companionships are built on points of contact, harmony, soul understanding and soul presence. Some we live with in the same house for years and never know; others we see and fall in love with at sight. It is not a question of time or place, but of being. Bodily presence, so-called, is often a positive hindrance. Jesus Himself walked with many who never recognized Him. Would we know Him more easily, dressed as a mechanic and met on the streets of Boston, or in the subway? I doubt it. The soul of St. Paul met Him in the Kingdom of the Spirit, fell in love with Him and followed Him forever. We should love to sit at His feet and listen as

Mary of Bethany did, or lean on His breast as St. John, but it is not needful, and is not now feasible; is not, indeed, practicable at all. "Blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed."

Odette Gastinel, a young French girl, only thirteen years old, recently wrote the following tribute to the friendship between her country and ours:

> There is a little river, hardly more than a stream. It is called the Iser. Men can talk across it without raising their voices and birds can fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And upon the banks stand two millions of men, face to face and eye to eye. But their distance apart is as far as the stars in the firmament, as far as right is from wrong.
>
> There is an ocean so wide the seagulls dare not cross it. For seven days and seven nights great American ships at full steam must tear through the deep waters before sighting the shores of France. But from one shore to the other their hearts touch.

A spiritual tryst. Let us take a very simple example. Even in the flesh, we try so hard sometimes to make trysts in the kingdom of the soul. Suppose a mother is failing rapidly. She has a wayward boy who is the idol of her heart. She longs for the power of holding his soul. She knows that love is the only power that will bridge the gulf of death. She speaks to him in the desire to establish a spiritual union with him that will not fail. She selects a particular association or point of contact, something of supreme importance in their soul-companionship. She says, "O my Boy, I am going away and I cannot speak to you, but, Boy, I carried you next my heart; I gave you birth in agony, as a tiny baby I nursed you and cradled you in my arms. Whenever in all the future years you see a tiny child, my spirit will be close beside you." Do you think that tryst will have any power in her son's life? It will depend on the will of the boy to meet that tryst by love.

Here is an actual tryst of souls:

> "Like most Englishmen, Earl Grey was spiritually shy, and only now and then let me see what was moving him and moving him very deeply. These moments were unforgettable. I seemed for a second to see his soul straining to know if I had apprehended the uttermost truth of his spirit which he shrank from uttering. He said to me once: 'You know the idea of those words—

He being dead yet speaketh? A voice from the grave often gets a hearing. That's what I'm after. I want to try and make my voice sound from the grave. I want to say to people that there is a real way out of all this mess, materialism has got them into. I've been trying to tell them for thirty years. It's Christ's way. Mazzini saw it. We've got to give up quarreling. We've got to come together. We've got to realize that we're all members of the same family. There's nothing that can help humanity, I'm perfectly sure there isn't, *perfectly sure,* except love. Love is the way out and the way up. That's my farewell to the world.'"

—From Harold Begbie's "Life of Earl Grey."

Have you noticed how close the Country seems to be to President Lincoln these days? Why is this? We have venerated his memory truly, but it is more than that. Today his light is among us. We are in harmony with him, indeed. Fifty years ago, England was not with Lincoln. Today he is on all English lips. Why is this? Has Lincoln changed, or has England kept the tryst of human liberty? The Kaiser is dead—but Lincoln lives in us.

The living Christ is in harmony with all the basic principles of reality. He is the law of God in concrete form. He is universal and eternal, and subject to contact at all points in the kingdom of things eternal. On the plane of liberty, He is met on every battlefield today. Liberty, however, is but one color in the spectrum of love, and all the light comes from God. Eternally Christ is to be met, therefore, on all battlefields where love is the stake, and where He leads there is victory.

The trysts of Jesus are agreements to meet with us in the infinite kingdom of God's love. And He will be faithful. We shall find Him waiting at every cross-road of life where our soul has the will to love another, the eyes to see, and the ears to hear, the apperceptive power of faith, its power to reach out from and beyond things of time and sense, into the spirit world, into that Fairyland, wherein God lives and moves and has His being.

IV. The Lure of the Great Adventure

"It is I, be not afraid!"

"I speak to them in figurative language for this reason, that while looking they do not see, and while hearing they neither hear nor understand."—St. Matt. 13: 9-17.

"I am now standing at the door and knocking. If anyone listens to my voice and opens the door, I will go in to be with him and will feast with him, and he shall feast with me."—Rev. 3: 20-22.

ACCORDING to our present-day classification, there are pretty generally acknowledged to be four planes of life. At the bottom of the creation of animate beings is mere protoplasm. Its place is in the sea, its existence isolated, incommunicable, without fellowship, apprehension or knowledge. Its communion is physical contact and rebound—that is all. There comes a time, however, when this plane of life becomes insufferable. The old creation reaches out, touches, feels and enters Fairyland, the plane of the senses.

It appears to be Fairyland, indeed; feeling, hearing, tasting, the world seems almost infinite in its enlarging life. There is no time, of course; there is no understanding, no knowledge. There are bounds and limitations everywhere, and the world grows humdrum again. There is a longing left unsatisfied. And at last this plane, too, is burst through, and the ascending being enters the Fairyland of the Mind.

It is a miracle. Time is bridged and infinite space, a grasp is taken of the thoughts of God; communion of thinking beings is everywhere. It is a wonderful world, this world of the mind. But finally, when all is said and done, it is but on the way, and so, centuries ago, men again tried to burst through into fairyland, for the first time, the Fairyland of Reality.

A fire mist and a planet, a crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish, a saurian, and caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of love and duty, and a face turned from the clod,
Some call it evolution, but others call it God.

Like the waves on the crescent sea-beach, when the moon
is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings come, swelling and surging in,
Come from that mystic ocean, whose shore no foot hath
trod;
Some of us call it longing, but others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty, a mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock, and Jesus on the Rood,
And thousands who humble and homeless the straight,
hard pathway trod,
Some of us call it duty, but others call it God.

Souls longed for something, they hardly knew what, some perfect thing. There were echoes scarcely heard, echoes of something far off, but growing nearer through the centuries, echoes of an unknown and invisible world, a world belonging neither to time nor to sense, but somehow expressing itself in all things at all times. There must be a way into this world of perfectness, but where and how and when? Who will lead us into the Fairyland of Reality. Who? Always who?

Then on a starlit night, a child was born in Bethlehem.

It is one of the most evident characteristics of the mind of Jesus that He knows and lives in the Fairyland of Reality, that He is perfectly conscious of it, that of all things in heaven and earth, the visible are temporal and the invisible eternal, and to know God is eternal life, real life. God is a Spirit, Whose nature and being are imperfectly described by our most perfect word "Love," who is from everlasting to everlasting as love endures, to Whose love there are no bounds whatever, Whose love reaches unto the world's end, Who so loves that He gives Himself. Love is the common denominator of souls. It is a spirit world, not of place or of time, but of being. "I AM." That is the whole of it. "My Kingdom is not of this world." "It is expedient for you that I go hence." "The Spirit will come and show you clearly." "I am come to do the Father's will." "I, if I

be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." "No man hath seen the Father at any time save the Son." "I am the Way," to Reality and the life that is Life indeed.

In the *Cult of the Passing Moment*—Bishop Chandler says:

> A complete reality requires not merely a finished system of knowledge, but also a consummated perfection of the spiritual nature, which is concerned, indeed, in the pursuit of truth, but which has other interests beside. . . . The pursuit of reality, then, is a pursuit of perfection, in which knowledge is an element, but not the sole or even the most important element.

Just as protoplasm is subject to the plane of the senses, and the plane of the senses is subordinate to the plane of the mind, so, on the plane of the spirit, the mind becomes subordinate to the dominant life. No matter how highly developed as to the sense world, the unintellectual hold the mind shadowy and unreliable, yet is mind dominant. So, in turn, the unspiritual, no matter how keen the mind, hold the Kingdom of the Spirit to be shadowy and unreal. One's sense of values depends on one's plane of life. Even one's vision of Christ depends on the same.

I should be the last to depreciate the value of healthy protoplasm, of keen senses, or of a sound mind, but these are instruments on the way to perfection which, itself, lies in the plane of the spirit. Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect.

Each plane uses the lower planes not only as stepping-stones, but particularly as instruments of expression, so that the study of the mind of Christ has vital importance to the would-be follower and the Gospels are the portrait of His mind.

Now, I have always maintained that the way to study the mind of Christ is not in scraps, but in sequence. We are led far astray by pinning our lives to fragments out of place and often misapplied. The mind of Christ is most perfect in its completeness of all minds. It is universal in its thought, absolutely unbound as to time or place, consistent to perfection. Follow the thoughts of Jesus from the heart of God to earth and back again.

One of the dominant thoughts of Christ's mind is the consistent establishment of an open way from the things visible to the things invisible, from this humdrum world to the kingdom of God's abiding being and love. I am not for a moment thinking in terms of some far-distant future. Neither do I think it is that future thing which is in Christ's mind, but the ever-living present. Plutarch once said that it is difficult to speak to the stomach, because it has no ears. How well Jesus knows this and how verily he understands the problem, one has but to read the parable of the Sower in St. Matthew's Gospel to see.

He is recognized at last. He has witnessed to the truth and has been believed. His earthly ministry is drawing towards its close. "It is expedient for you that I go hence." "The Spirit will come and show you clearly all things concerning Me." In our remaining meditations, we will endeavor by the clear light of His mind to follow Him into the Kingdom of Reality.

But is Jesus really in this here-and-now-of-being that we are talking about, and without any juggling of words? Is the same Alpha and Omega, this ever-living personality potentially in communion with the ourselves that we are? The answer is emphatically "Yes," and not only actually so, but in fact so truly so that your and my hereness and nowness, on which we seek to base the fact of His presence, is but a shadow compared with the substance. Nearer than hands and feet is a much-quoted expression of His presence. The reality of Jesus is such that we may miss the tryst of His inbeing by reason of its very inbeingness. He is so real that we are not prepared for that degree and kind of reality. We are often too far-sighted to see Him.

> This indwelling of Christ is not the domination of an unknown and capricious force; He who reveals Himself now from moment to moment is the same Who stands revealed in the Gospel story; there is continuity throughout; under our changed conditions of today we recognize the voice which spoke by the lake or on the mountain; it is the same Christ whose character and will we already know, that is leading us now into fresh

apprehensions of Himself and with us even to the end of the world.—*The Cult of the Passing Moment*—CHANDLER.

"I speak to them in figurative language for this reason." Nature is His voice speaking to us in parables. Jesus, the man, is in a sense such a parable, but Jesus, the express image of the Father, the Incarnate utterance of God, Him, the Alpha and Omega, it is given to us to know only if we have eyes to see.

We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou has suffered, our great debt to pay.

We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

V. On Poised Wings

"If it is You, bid me to come to You upon the water."

"Do you not believe that I am in the Father and that the Father is in Me? The things that I tell you all I do not speak on My own authority; but the Father dwelling within Me carries on His own works."

"In most solemn truth I tell you that he who trusts in Me—the things which I do he shall do also."—St. John 14: 10-15.—Martha's Way.

SUPPOSE a man should take another man as his working model and day by day, and hour by hour, live by that living example, the chances are that the faithful follower would be in the end somewhat like-minded, like-charactered, with the original. It is the practice of St. Paul's: "Let the same disposition be in you which was in Christ Jesus."

There is, however, much more than this in working the works of God, because we are not so working in a little eddy of our own, but actually in the very current in which the God of the living moves towards His own inevitable ends. We are with God in the world. We are united in mind, in purpose with Him. We work with Him and go down toward the ocean of His accomplishment. And the power is there, in the current of His unchangeable will. Our works also shall remain and endure. "With Me, ye can do all things; without Me, ye can do nothing."

Dean Lewis said at Cambridge this year that the righteousness of the Old Testament is on the negative basis of the law—"Thou shalt not do." But the righteousness of Jesus is on the positive basis—"Thou shalt do." To work the works of Him who sent Him is Jesus's business in life; and His great working tryst is on the basis: "Come, follow thou me." "The works that I do, ye shall do also." Or as St. John says—"As He is, so are we in this world."

And there is still more to it. In doing our work, which is His, we are to stand clearly, loyally and without question or doubt about it in Christ's name. Christ commands it, practically all the Apostles repeat it. "Whatsoever ye do, do it all in the name of Jesus."

This is Christ's working tryst—"Him that confesseth Me, I will confess where God is. Him that denieth Me, I will deny." Try it some other way. Bind your work to your own name and fame. Follow your own star. But I will not be there. Uplift humanity by pulling on your own shoe-strings. Pretend to men that your love is all sufficient and where God is, I will disown you, as I have disowned many. How about Prussia? Was its love sufficient to uplift the world? Does Prussia love Me? Does it work with Me, follow Me, do things in My name? Have I anything in common with the soul of Prussia? "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" "Whoso loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love."

There are two types of the Christian life which may be most simply expressed as the way of Mary and the way of Martha, or the way of John and the way of Peter, although both are recognized as indispensable parts of the whole by our Lord Himself. They might be called the outward and the inward types, or the working and the communing, or the life of service and that of vision. The Church keeps Christ's working tryst in its medical missions. Medical missions belong to the way of Martha, but make use of that provision of our Lord, one of the most extraordinarily beautiful of all the creations of His heart, by which, instead of ministering to Himself in the flesh as Martha did, we are given the "Inasmuch Way," a perfect and practical Love Way to minister to Him, and so we turn the whole of medical missions, material as they might seem to some, into a sacrament.

From His birth to His crucifixion Jesus put Himself completely in the name of our humanity, so that as the Russian proverb says, "The face of Christ is the face of every man."

Let us take an illustration: Our Lord is sitting by the wayside of life. He is speaking to some of the old folks, but there are a number of children buzzing around, probably interrupting and making a good deal of noise. People say "sh" and start a movement to get them out of the way. Our Lord stops talking, reaches out His hand, and grabs one of them, perhaps a particularly lively individual. He sits him on His lap and no doubt gives him a tight squeeze and then He puts the "inasmuch" stamp on childhood forever: "Whoso receiveth one such, receiveth Me."

Here she is out in China, one such. She is sitting on her mother's lap. Note the agony on her face and her mother's. This is actually one of the children that Jesus gathered about Him that day by the wayside in Palestine. A little girl, terribly ill and in great suffering; about as miserable a thing as one might find in a journey round the world. The medical missionary stands in front of "one such" and to him that pitiful thing represents clearly and unmistakably the Living Christ. This child is the outward and visible sign of His Living Presence. How often have the great masters painted the Mother Mary and the Baby Jesus in just about that position. This is the "Inasmuch Christ-Child."

Mr. Millet, for many years city mission chaplain in the Philadelphia City Hospital, says, and he surely knows, "The subject of our solicitude is Christ's soul."

The Inasmuch Tryst is the perfect working tryst. It is wholly a love way. It places the first commandment first, and the second, second. It is done completely in the name of Christ. It is the gift of love, and it asks no return. It is a return. Its face is towards love. It will work. If you have never tried it, try it and see. It belongs to every hour of our life and to every situation in life. The "Inasmuch Way" steadily removes that obstruction to love which consists in the unloveliness of the object. It is not necessary that the object of our ministry should be clearly lovable. It is sufficient that it represents to us on His own authority the most lovable Being that our mind can conceive, or our soul desire.

Practically, of course, it does result in the tenderest and most efficient loving of our frail fellows, even though they be the most alien, the last and least of our brother men. There was hardly a day, an incident in all our Lord's earthly life that He did not teach emphatically, or clearly imply, the "Inasmuch Way." We might almost call this the Inasmuch Sacrament and quote Margaret Cable Brewster's beautiful lines:

"The fire upon the hearth, the fervent glow
Of lamplight, and the still, ethereal grace
Of sleeping children, and, above dull tasks,
The inscrutable joy in your uplifted face."
(Sacraments—Scribner's for December, 1918.)

His whole life, His whole Incarnation, all that He said about "in His name" demands that we find Him in every phase of our humanity—childhood He especially makes His substitute. In the great "inasmuch" passage He makes the need of the whole world His voice, saying "Lovest thou Me." He remembers particularly His disciples, you and me. "Whosoever receives you, receives Me, and whosoever receives Me, receives Him that sent Me."

The Commandments and the Law are, to Jesus, Love in action.

"Lovest thou Me?" "Then feed My sheep."

"He that obeyeth Me, he it is that loveth Me."

"He who loves Me will be loved by My Father and I will love him and will clearly reveal Myself to Him." It is a tryst.

"Whoso loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love."

VI. The Inasmuch Christ

Jesus says "Come."

An Adventure in Practical Mysticism.
And His voice resembled the sound of many waters.
—Rev. 1:9-18.

ONCE in life spend a perfect day with Christ, and the wind, and the flowers, and the trees, and the sea—one perfect day with Christ alone.

St. John so found himself on the island of Patmos when, as he says, "In the spirit I found myself present on the day of the Lord, and I heard behind me a loud voice which resembled the blast of a trumpet."

In his Gospel (V-25) he records this saying of Jesus, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming and *now is* when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." But the magic of that Living Voice we have smothered in the tombs of centuries past, the voice now clear, now far, now gone, the wonder-music sounding over land and sea.

To souls of men starving for the bread of life, asking, "Where shall we look that we may see the Living Jesus?" We have answered, "Look on my book-shelf." To the voice of the multitude asking, "What does His voice sound like?" We have answered, "Listen to my voice." And when men ask, "Where is He?" We say, "In Palestine, two thousand years ago," or "In far-off Heaven, beneath the sunset of time, beyond the bounds of thought, in ages hence."

St. John says, "In the spirit I found myself present." He does not say, "On the book-shelf I found myself gazing." When one is asked, "What shall I look for to see Christ?" One is tempted to answer, "What went ye out for to see, a reed shaken by the wind, a book on a shelf, a corpse buried in a tomb?"

"God is a spirit."

"The wind bloweth where it listeth—so is everyone who is born of the Spirit." "And everyone that loveth, is born of God and knoweth God."

"We love because He first loved us."

"Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead and Christ shall shine upon thee."

If Christ be a book, one might look with natural eyes for Him. St. John was in the spirit and he heard His voice and saw Him.

St. John is the Apostle of Love. In his Gospel, and in the Epistles and in Revelation, we have his experience of Jesus. He is our Lord's most intimate personal friend. If ever a man knows another's voice, John knows the voice of Jesus. On Patmos he is listening, not talking. He is in the spirit, not among the graves. He is born of the spirit because he loves and therefore he has eyes to see and ears to hear.

When the Church comes out of the tombs and anoints her eyes with pure love she, too, will see the Christ that is. At the present time our eyes are divergent. With one we are looking at the past, with the other at the inscrutable and unreal future. The past has been, the future is not, only the present ever is. "I counsel thee to anoint thine eyes with ointment that thou mayest see."

O Friend! Hope for Him whilst you live, know whilst you live, understand whilst you live; for in life deliverance abides.
If He is found now, He is found then.
If not, we do but go to dwell in the City of Death.
If you have union now, you shall have it hereafter.
If your bonds be not broken whilst living, what of deliverance in death?
It is but an empty dream, that the soul shall have union with Him because it has passed from the body.

Songs of Kobir.

"Behold I, Jesus, stand at the door and knock."

"I am the first and the last and the *ever-living one.* I died, but I am now alive unto the ages of the ages and I have the keys of the gates of Death and of the court of souls."

The voice of Jesus! Bishop Rhinelander has said that "the color of a Christian is love-color." Since "God is love" and since "he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," it would be a natural inference that in order to see the living Jesus one should, at least, expect to see the Fountain of Love. If God is light it would be reasonable to expect, in looking for the Incarnate Son, to see the Light of the World. If God is Life and Being, one might expect to see the very Source of Life, glowing Presence, being of Being, the great "I AM," but in speaking of this to a fellow-Christian, she said to me, "Instead of looking for the great Reality, men seem to either look for nothing somewhere, or for something nowhere, in their quest for a vision of Christ."

"The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God and they that hear shall live." St. John knew the wonder-music of that voice and on the island he heard it again in the Spirit, and he says of it, "His voice was as the sound of many waters." The voice—the familiar voice—we think at once of recognized articulated tones and overtones. But in reality these are merely the outward and audible signs of utterance. One may make a book, one's voice—or a flower—or a cup of cold water. The voice of reality is the spirit uttered. That is why Christ is the Word. That is why the conscience may be God's true voice and honest business the wave-lengths of its harmony. We have only to analyze the common expression "a voice from the grave" to realize the sacramental character of all utterance and the necessity of its mystical interpretation.

Jesus says, "I am the Way," the Way to God, the great Love Way, the Way to your neighbor, the Inasmuch Way, the One-thing-thou-lackest-follow-Me Way. To the adventure of His perfect love in the Incarnation, Christ asks for the response of love in His name and without barriers, with all the fences down.

There is no Love Way between ourselves and our God or our neighbor on which the Living Christ-light does not glow eternally. The need of the whole world is the voice of Jesus calling, "Lovest thou Me?" It is the voice, indeed, as the sound of many waters. Who is dead in God's sight? The Church says "Love, without which, whosoever liveth is counted dead before Thee."

"The hour now is when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God and they that hear shall live, for as the Father hath life in Himself, so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself."

This hunch-backed child, this starving coolie, this most unattractive person, this person represents to us the Living Christ, our God. Wherever in all the world souls call for love—love calls to us, "Come."

His voice is, indeed, as the sound of many waters.

It is the end of the day. The dispensary staff is tired. The clinic is close and messy. The doctor pulls off his rubber gloves and quotes, "The night cometh!" This coolie is the last patient for the day—number 397.

The coolie is seated on the extreme edge of the wooden bench, with his mouth hanging open, and with his hands holding onto his knees, as if he fears collapse of either the bench or his own anatomy.

Visitor: "He looks as if his soul were staring out of his skin and bones. I did not know it was possible to be so thin and live."

Doctor: "Yes, he is thin and very weak. A pretty wretched specimen of humanity. What do you suppose is the matter with him?"

Visitor: "Consumption?"

Doctor: "Consumption! No, not that! Lack of consumption would be nearer the mark. He has a disease which is extremely common, and often epidemic, in China. We call it 'chronic starvation.'"

Visitor: "Then I suppose the hospital is not the place for his kind?"

Doctor: "Oh, I don't know! For years we used to serve hot tea free at the hospital door throughout the winter. Sometimes we give these fellows a bit of money, sometimes a square meal, sometimes we have turned the American Red Cross on them."

Visitor: "And this man? 'What shall we do then with'—with this coolie? Shall we send him away?"

Doctor: "Shall we? This man? He seems almost beyond sending away at all. I have a sort of presentiment that—that if—Nurse! There is one free bed in the old surgical ward over by the east window. Take this coolie in and feed him for a week."

The nurse explains to the coolie that he is to remain in the wards without charge and directs him to follow him. The coolie rises with great difficulty, climbing up his own legs, as it were, with his arms; and then, touching this and that for support, with bent shoulders he shuffles toward the door.

Nurse (Remembering that he has not received a registration card): "Tung ih tung, noong iau pa-tsz. Sing sa?" (Wait just a moment. You need a card. What is your name?)

The coolie hesitates; turns very slowly and rests his trembling, bony arm on the door-sill, then:

"Veh nyung tuh ngoo va? Sing? Ngoo Sing Yasu!" (Did you not know me? My name? My name is Jesus!)

The Voice of the Church.

"Come to me, all you toiling and burdened ones and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me; for I am gentle and lowly in heart; and you will find rest for your souls. For it is good to bear my yoke and my burden is light."

The Church has been a Good Samaritan, a very good one, but this Good Samaritan Christianity is only a step, a part, one function of love. It is the gathering up of the fragments that remain that nothing be lost. Sometimes I think we might speak of love as a progression: First,

pity; then justice; finally, oneness; and the greatest of these is oneness. We are in a transition stage at the present time, a state of progression into love's higher reaches, when pity alone will not do; it is not good enough; when even justice, to which we have not yet attained, can be seen to be itself but on the way. The very word "charity" has lost its charm; no one wants "charity" any more, though many need help. Even justice is not perfectness. The goal of the Church is oneness with God and man—or it is nothing. We talk Unity and we talk Love, but do we really live either of these? Are we not largely in the position of the dilettante readers of fiction who greatly admire the building up of Doggie's character in "The Rough Road," but fail to remember that Doggie bought and paid for that character; who rejoice in Doggie's fine democracy when he saw the basic good in Mo Shendish, the fishmonger, and took him for a boon companion; but, for ourselves, stick to our own exclusive circles and our comfortable pews and are satisfied?

It may be that nineteen centuries have been necessary to argue out the fundamentals of Christian doctrine and to sanctify ourselves for service, which is Christianity, but it is time now for us to come across with the goods, to trust the truth to take care of itself, to believe that other Christians have seen what we have seen, even if they do not use our terminology, and to follow the Leader without any more roadside argument and discussion. My belief is that in action alone will be developed the common mind of Christianity. It is so easy to spend one's life in philosophy and argument and come to doddering old age without accomplishment, just because we do not come to the point of saying to ourselves, "Oh, come, let's do the thing instead of talking about it," and then doing it.

I suppose that many of us feel that when we shall have subscribed to the principles of social justice and expressed our understanding and sympathy with the world's dumb cry for help, that we shall have attained. I do not so feel myself. I do not so read the mind of Christ. The very fact that we can put ourselves as a Church in the position of subscribing our sympathy to somebody else's pro-

gram or need shows the measure of our detachment and shortcoming. It does not seem to me that we shall ever answer the call of Christ for help so long as we sit on the outside and shout back at it, or until we plunge into the abyss and become a part of it. It is not the place of the Church of Christ to sympathize with working people. We, the Church, must be the working people. It is not our place to be even an echo of the sound of the world's cry. We must be a part thereof, and a large part of the cry itself. The home is ourselves, of course, and the pulpit, but also the office; and the Diocese, but also the community. We Episcopalians must be the other Churches, and we must be all classes. We must be American civilization at its best, and we must be other Nations, too. There must be no bounds to our love, nor must there be any bounds to our being, and we must stop talking about it, too, unless we can live it.

In the New Age which is before us, it will not do any longer to talk religion unless we live it. Judge Lindsey said recently of this: "The war has discovered a new religion—a religion ages old—the religion of Christ in action. The Churches must preach and practice that religion or prepare to hear their call for cheers greeted with a universal 'Boo!' when democracy's next great campaign is over and the ships again come in."

> We gave our bodies and our wealth into our country's hand, believing it to be God's will that by force we should end the reign of force. Let us now declare the war of love. It will be a war on greed, on cruelty practised on the helpless, on every intrigue of the strong to exploit the weak. It will be a war on philistinism, on luxury and idleness, on the insolent strong of every class. It will be a war without the demagogue's shibboleths, one class hurling accusations at another. It will be a war different from any yet espoused by social enthusiasts, for it will be waged without pride of opinion or prejudice. It will chant, as it fights, a great prayer to God, a prayer for that spirit of fellowship in the world's work which is the only spirit of reasonableness. There is only one flag to be carried in such a war; it is the flag with a cross on it.—(*The Churchman*—Editorial, March 8, 1919.)

When you and I, laymen, as one body, have come to the point of making the world's unconscious cry for help

our own cry—then, and only then, shall we ever answer the call, "Come unto me, all you toiling and burdened ones, and I will give you rest." In the terms of the Inasmuch, the Church must learn to say, and mean it, "Inasmuch as you did it to these, the least of us brothers, you did it to all of us; and inasmuch as you did it to us, you did it to Him Who sent us."

Far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

VII. The Quest of Reality

Ask—seek—knock—it will be opened to you.—St. Luke 11 : 1-13.

I am now standing at the door and knocking. If anyone listens to My Voice and opens the door, I will go in to be with him.

THIS is the mystical door which stands between the kingdom of things seeming and the Fairyland of Reality. On the one side it appears to be of solid oak, a foot thick, and bound with brass. On the other it is as a veil of ether and of crystal clearness; yet it is peculiar in that it must be unbarred and opened from both sides.

Service belongs to the Church's work-a-day life, when with the buzzing of life's wheels she does the works of Him who sent her.

Vision belongs to her mystical mind. Through it she sits at the feet of her Lord and tries to drink in through His mind and soul the way God sees things in the Kingdom of Reality.

Prayer stands between, with one hand in God's hand, and one hand in the hand of our fellow-men, so that it may be said of it that it is "the transmission" of power from the source of life into the way of the living. Prayer then is that living communion with God which transmits His will and power into our effective service to Him. This applies to all the phases of prayer or forms of prayer from "the highest work" to the soul's mystical communion with its Maker.

Now on what terms—that is, on what conditions or in what circumstances—does prayer do things, accomplish results? Why do we sometimes pray, and nothing at all seems to happen, and yet the statements of our Lord and the experiences of the greatest Christians are unanimous as to the overwhelming power of prayer to do

things, to make things happen? Nothing is more evident than that under certain conditions our Lord guarantees the effectiveness of prayer, its overwhelming power, that things will really happen.

The first condition of power in prayer is unquestionably the realization of, and trust in, the reality of the God, our Father, that really is, the conviction of His Presence and our presence. "All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive." As A. H. McNeile, *(Self Training in Prayer)* says: "The inner essence of prayer is by a deliberate act of our whole being to make real to ourselves the Divine Reality."

> When I was eighteen years old, and a prayerless, unpleasant schoolboy, it came into my mind that it would be a good thing to run straight. I went to my room and knelt down to ask God to help me, for although I did not pray in those days, I had a good mother who had taught me how to pray. As I knelt, there flooded into my heart and soul such a light and joy and peace that in my ignorance I thought I was going to die of sheer happiness and glory. That irresistible, sudden, unexpected flood of light lasted for nine months, and continues intermittently till today. I do not lean on it now or bother if it departs, because there is at my disposal an undercurrent of companionship with God which never goes unless I sin. *Carey.*

The second condition of prayer is that it be in the direct line of God's will. This is according to our defition, and it is also self-evident, and Bishop Rhinelander points out that the reason "we have become spiritually unsensitive, that our wills are coated with materialism, that we are on the edge of spiritual bankruptcy," is largely that we are not in submission to God's will, that we want other things so much that even a large part of what we call prayer is not true prayer at all. The words are there, but the life is not. We do not want a large part of the things we pray for really to happen at all. We would be astonished and embarrassed by what we had got ourselves into, if our prayers were literally taken and answered. "It is not without the best of reasons that the central clause in the Lord's Prayer stands, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." God's will will cer-

tainly prevail. There is a river, the current of which is His will, flowing forever and ever toward the ocean of His accomplishment. Prayer is largely learning to know His will, making ourselves a part of it, getting into the current. Eddies on the side go round and round in circles. Marshes and pools stagnate and dry up.

The third condition of prayer is that of loyalty, that living union called friendship. Fruitbearing is to the glory of God, not to our own glory. We stand *with Christ, in His Name.* We fall alone. (St. John 14: 12-13.) "And whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." Also (St. John 15:8), "By this is God glorified, by your bearing abundant fruit and thus being true disciples of Mine." Prayer must be in loyalty to Christ's commission. It must be prayer not only in union with Him, but in union with each other, common prayer. "If ye continue in Me, ask what ye will—so that whatever petition ye present to the Father in My Name, He will give it you." "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Hyphenation is a death-blow to prayer life. There is hardly anything our Lord makes clearer than His loathing of lukewarm things. Even Jesus' daily companionship could not do anything with Judas because his allegiance was divided.

The fourth condition of prayer is that the prayer must be love prayer. It must be unselfish prayer. That is, it must either be prayer for sanctification of self for service, or it must be intercessory. "Forgive us our trespasses, lead us not into temptation, deliver us from evil, *for* Thine is the Kingdom." All is turned to the glory of God. Disciples are lovers of the King. If love is a condition of prayer, selfishness, its opposite, is contrapotential and certainly antipathetic.

> No doubt the reason that prayer is so often barren of result is because so often it is entirely self-centered. Sometimes it does not even aim at any interchange of thought. What would we think of a friend who never approached us except to talk of himself, to make known to us his wants, who, ignoring anything that we may have done for him in the past, urges us to confer upon him

fresh favors, and having summarized his needs, politely takes his leave? This I think we can say, that while such a man or woman might appeal to our sympathies, might even deeply interest us if we were tolerant enough, yet we could not hold communion of spirit with such an one. It is easier to make friends with a noble dog, to interpret and answer the mute speech of loving eyes and wagging tail, than to make friends with a man who cannot get his thought or speech away for five minutes from himself. *Dean Robbins.*

It is worth while to ask ourselves, does the Lord's Prayer fulfil all these four conditions—Reality, God-willed, Loyalty, Love?

Apparently the Lord's Prayer fulfils the four conditions of power, which is not an argument that it is a good prayer, but is our argument that the four conditions are good conditions.

If the Lord's Prayer fulfils all the conditions, why doesn't it work? There is a splendid deep desire breathed throughout the prayer; but the reality of desire is tested by action. The test of the desire in the Lord's Prayer is up to us. Do we mean "Our Father" when we say it? Do we care to have the world adore Him, hold His Name holy? What are we doing for the coming of the Kingdom, putting ten cents in the collection plate, or showing Jesus to the world? Whose will is it we are really after? Are we losing ourselves to find His life Eternal? Are we satisfied with our daily bread, or do we want a large part of the other fellow's daily bread? Do we really want to be forgiven our sins, or are we glad that we are not as other men are? Have we the power to forgive sins ourselves? If we are in the stream of God's will, we have it. Are we conscious of our utter frailty, and of the strength of the Life in Christ to deliver us from evil? Is it the Kingdom of God that we ascribe to Him for His power and glory, or is it our cow-pasture conception of the Kingdom? What would we like to see inscribed over the doors of Heaven, "Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States," or "The Way of the Morning Star?"

Bishop Gore says: "He who is ever truly learning to say the Lord's Prayer cannot be far from the Kingdom of Heaven, and to say it perfectly is to be a heavenly being already."

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil:

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

VIII. The Great Companionship

Where I am, there shall My servants be also.—Mary's Way.

LET us start with certain clear and positive thoughts. In the first place, *Jesus is the Way to the Father* Love for God is taught to us in the companionship of His Son. I would go further and say that the very purpose of our creation is for companionship with God; and prayer is the approach, on our part, to that companionship by *faith* in Christ's name. I question very much whether we shall ever, either now or at any future time, see God, as it were, with natural eyes; nor is there any loss in this. Many saw Christ who never knew Him, and His works who never believed Him. We have God's works all about us, and the pure in heart will see Him in them, by faith, and *it is with the heart of love only that we shall ever know Him.*

Next, I would say that the least and the humblest heart may approach Him without any fear at all; that perfect love casteth out fear; and that if the great Love Way, which is Christ, were not within the reach of the very plainest and commonest of men, He would not be sufficient to be the world's Saviour. Remember His hospitality to the thief on the cross, remember His gentleness to the woman taken in adultery, but also remember that He despises lukewarm things.

Then let us realize this, that either Jesus is the Christ of God, or He is not so. There is no half-way. Either He is in our midst or He is not. Either He does hear when we ask in His Name, and answers fully, or He does not hear, and He will therefore not do anything. Either Saul was right when he knew Jesus of Nazareth was dead and buried, or St. Paul was right when he heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am Jesus," and followed forever. It always boils down to the critical question—what does each of us really believe in his heart about the Man. "According to your faith, be it unto you."

The prayer of companionship. McNeile, speaking of meditation, uses the expression "the prayer of thought," but I mean much more than that seems to mean—making Jesus the Great Companion, realizing His Presence throughout the day and always. Referring all of life to Him, walking with Him, thinking with Him, speaking with Him. There is no phase of life, and I make no exception at all, into which Jesus may not be taken, so long as the heart is pure. This is loving God with all one's heart. Use especially your heart in this prayer, as Thoreau says: "The language of friendship is not in words, but understanding—it is an intelligence above language." The aim should be to know Christ and to be with Him. Read your Bible knowing that He is sitting by you. Perform all that you have to do in life in the same gracious companionship. In His Presence you can hardly sin. In His Presence is joy forevermore. Make Christ the inner circle of your heart's life, make Him associated with so many steps of your way, make Him so much a part of your mental content, past, present and future, that you would rather be blotted out, and never think again, than lose Him and live on. You will find Him, at times, stern and uncompromising. He will forgive, but He will not flatter. He is gentle and infinitely sweet, but He will drive. He is patient, but He will never yield the point till you have followed. If you will not meet the demand, He will wait, and He will try again, and again, and again, until seventy times seventy, but He will not lower the standard.

Make Jesus the *coin-de-feu* of your heart. When you awake, look up into His face and smile, sit with Him, talk with Him, read with Him in the late hours. Speak together of each other, and of your loved ones, of the life in the world, and of the life in the Kingdom of His Father and ours, of your parents in His Heavenly Kingdom, and of those who have gone before. He is the great Love Way to God, to your fellow-men, and between the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant.

If Christ is the Great Companion, speak to Him of things He cares about. Do not bore your great Friend with your selfish desires and eternal prattle about your-

self. He loves you, but He loves you best when you love others. Pray chiefly for love and for the coming of the Kingdom of Love; and for all that concerns the will of the King, His plans, His desires, His wishes and His commands, and chiefly for Love. Use your mind, too, when you pray, and so love God with it, especially in your more formal prayer. Much words and vain repetitions are entirely a waste of time. Realize the presence of God, make yourself a living presence to Him. And if there is only time to say one word, say the word "love" and mean it. Think of others through Christ. "He calls into inner communion with Himself only those who have learned the beauty of sacrifice." (Bell.) Pray much for your friends, for particular people, for particular work; reach out in your prayers, touch the most unexpected people and circumstances: the unknown in the trolley car, the clerk behind the counter, and "pray that other hearts may pray."

Do not clip the wings of the spirit of your love, but spread the wings wide, and sail on all the winds of Heaven.

Put yourself in Christ's Name in all your prayers. Pray in God's will, for His sake, ask for the things which He will have. There is no use in asking the God who makes us to give us what is against His own perfect will. His will must prevail, there is no other way. Thank God for that! Make your will His will.

A large part of prayer is *listening*. Often, and for long, simply shut your eyes and listen, or go out into the woods and fields. Take Christ with you. Read and learn to wonder at His beauty and the joy of Him, and stop and listen long for Him to speak to your soul.

> "Dew like jewels; a gray-green mist;
> And a flower, pale amethyst,
> Call'd a star."
>
> Yea, these I found and more
> For when I stooped
> And drank the water from a pebbled spring

I saw the shimmer of an angel's wing
Pointed with flame:
And through the living silence pure as light,
Within whose borders waits Love Infinite,
Into my heart Christ came.
—Wood Gifts—*Helen L. Paddoch.*

The answer to prayer is often, must often, be missed, because we do not wait for God to speak. We say "Amen" and go down to breakfast, or shut our eyes and go to sleep. The majesty of God's voice is often still, and must be well listened for. "To force ourselves to go apart and rest awhile; to force ourselves to think, and think hard; to gain some power of concentration; to look till at last we see, to listen till at last we hear; in short, to practice the presence of God—it is an absolutely necessary step towards the recovery of the Divine Companionship."—*Bishop Fiske.*

You will say, perhaps, that there is something "mystic or impractical" in this seeking after the personal and intimate knowledge of that greatest of all spirits. So it has been said of every great attainment in the making—of man's attempt to speak from city to city and over the seas, of man's attempt to fly or to pierce the starry heavens. The vision of friendship that I put before you is a reaching out through all time and all space, through earth and through heaven, to the utmost limits of the human imagination. It is the seeking after God Himself—but the same Spirit said, "Seek and ye shall find—knock and it shall be opened unto you."

He will be the last to misunderstand the listening for the wonder-music of His voice—the reaching of a hand for His guidance—the longing of a heart after righteousness—the craving of a soul for its Creator—and then today, if we will it so, we shall be with Him in the Paradise of His Presence; we shall be glad beyond all gladness, and for every step that we ever climbed in seeking the vision of His glory.

After this manner, let us kneel and pray:

Our Saviour, who art in our midst, at Thy beloved Name, Jesus, we lowly kneel. We love Thee. Teach us to love the Father and to do His Holy Will. Give us the Bread of Life and teach us to love our neighbors even as we would be loved. Draw all men unto Thee. Pray the Father that He send us the Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly know and follow Thee, and abide with us forever and forever. Amen.

IX. The Wide Flight of Love

The Tryst of the Unselfing—"Take up your cross and follow me."
The Tryst of the Unity—"There I am in the midst."
The Tryst of Mission—"With you alway and to the world's end."

IN OUR study of the Inasmuch Tryst, we found that there is no Love Way between ourselves and our God or our neighbor on which the Living Christ-light does not glow eternally; that the need of the whole world is the voice of Jesus calling, "Come!" To the Christian the Inasmuch Way is the open doorway to the Mystical Presence of Christ.

We have said, before, that all trysts of Christ are love trysts. There are three of these which have special emphasis in our Lord's teaching. The terminology of them is very common in Christian parlance. They are well known as principles of Christian action, as unselfishness, unity and mission. They are quoted very frequently, but in their significance as actual appointments specified by our Lord we do not find their significance in any adequate sense appreciated.

"Take up your cross and follow Me."

The first, the Unselfing Tryst, in its fullest form is given by our Lord, thus:

"Whosoever loseth his life for My sake and the Gospels shall find it unto Life Eternal." It is the highest reach of that line of teaching, which in its simplest form is expressed in the words, "Follow Me." One by one, and altogether, the call to the disciples is "Follow Me." He calls His own apostles in these terms. It means what it says, "And they left all and followed Him." It was a sacrifice which they made to be with Him; but, as a result, they were with Him. At first, by the attractive force of His personality, they were drawn to Him. Later they entered into His meaning and purpose and they became of one mind with Him. Day by day they lost themselves

in Him. A fuller expression than "Follow Me" is "Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men." A fuller expression still is "Take up your cross and follow Me." "I have gone the way of the cross. You will find Me on that way." And so we come to the losing of life to find it in Life Eternal—in the Life of Reality. Jesus is living love. Every word He speaks breathes love. Every teaching of His is potential love. Daily He loses Himself in His Father's service. No need of the world is alien to Him. He gives Himself hour by hour, until, at last, on Calvary, He lays down His life, unselfs Himself completely, so that on Easter, He, the Morning Star of Ever-living Love—is perfected.

Now the call is "Follow Me." As I have given Myself to you in perfect love, so do you likewise." This is our salvation by Love, our creation into Love—not a fiat, as is so often and so imperfectly understood. God does not say, "Presto! now you are saved," but by the call and response of Love we are created into His own image, we come into oneness with Him, that we may be with Him and share His life. In the gift of ourselves to Him, we find Him and are with Him until we can, also, with St. Paul say and mean it, "To me to live is Christ," "Not I, but Christ in me." That this is a true tryst every true follower of Jesus knows.

How comes it that, as the Archbishop of York tells us, to the soldier in the trenches Jesus has become the supreme Personality on earth? It seems to me as plain as day. They have kept the Tryst of the Cross, and He is

"There am I in the midst."

The second is the Tryst of the Common Centre. It is, of course, also a Love Tryst, but it belongs peculiarly to the Body of Christ, His Church, not exclusively so, but very inclusively so. It is so important a tryst that our Lord gives it a very special and particular emphasis. We have His summing up of the Law and the Commandments, "Thou shalt love thy God with thy whole being, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." But for His followers He gives a new commandment, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

The reason for this is that "where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst." If there be a common centre, then it is self-evident that, as individuals, the closer we get to the center the closer we shall be to each other; and if Love is at the centre, and we are drawn together as He says, "Gathered together in My Name," we shall be near each other and He in the midst. As a practical question it will prove itself easily enough.

Take any Church guild as an illustration. If it is working in unity and harmony, and in complete loyalty, standing unquestionably in the name of Christ, it will never be said of that guild that "it died a natural death." There will be power and accomplishment. Merely to make the machinery buzz, to call a meeting and quarrel over the election of officers, to pick the rector to pieces, to discuss the latest parish slander, I tell you the Jesus that I know cannot abide that presence. In Christ's Mystical Presence there is no toleration for unlove. "Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" our Lord's Prayer for the unity of the Church. On what is that unity founded? On scraps of paper, on treaties signed, on the insistence of my way being better than thy way? I believe that Jesus would tear such treaties into shreds and spit upon them. "I would thou wert cold or hot." The Church of Jesus is either the rallying point of the great fellowship of our humanity, and its power to *love* the sign of its discipleship, or it is nothing. We talk so much about His being in our midst, but is He? I believe that as Jesus hesitates upon the threshold of any group of us, and speaks to us, His modern disciples, His first question must always be, "Do you know who I am?" and His second question, "Have you learned yet to love each other?"

"With you always to the world's end."

Third, the Outreaching Tryst is the great missionary tryst of the Church. In the mind of our Lord the normal Christian is a missionary, one sent, and the Church is the projection of Himself in all the world. Why is it that there is no such vital Christianity in the Church as

that to be found among missionaries? That is where the power lies. It seems almost that we have said the utmost when we have said that He emphasizes the Tryst of the Common Centre by giving to it His one great new commandment and His great prayer for the Church; and yet to the Outreaching Tryst he devotes a moment of almost supreme importance. He keeps for it that last word of His farewell. It is as if He focuses all the light of the years on the moment, and we read, "Go ye into all the world, teach all men to keep My love commandments. Baptize them in the Name of Perfect Love," and on that condition, "Lo, I am with you always to the end of the world." "From the common centre from which all love proceeds, let love shine out to the ends of the world and forever. Let there be no barriers to love. Let no man be without My light, and on that condition I will always be with you." St. John was the most mystical of all the Apostles. He is called the Apostle of Love. He is the echo of the Soul of Jesus. St. Peter and St. Paul were also wonderful lovers, and they were all missionaries. We have said much in our meditations about love, but talking about love and knowing the Reality may be as far apart as hell and heaven. No man is in a position to deny God, the Reality, unless he loves much, and then he will be on the way to knowing Him.

There was a time when it always seemed to be necessary that a missionary address should be in the form of an argument or an apology. It seems now almost unthinkable—Christians apologizing for trying to make Christ known, for striving to express in living terms His Gospel of salvation by love. For our part, let us definitely give up apologizing. For one thing, it is entirely unnecessary; for another thing, there is a better way.

Work in the doing is a better witness than argument about it, just as living Christians are the unanswerable argument for Christianity. So in our remaining meditations we shall put far from us all thoughts of apologizing for the fact that "God so loved the world," and face the practical possibilities of actually making the whole world know that God so loves it.

Do not let us make the mistake of supposing that on any other basis than on that of obedience to the great missionary commission can we claim that promise of Christ's companionship unbound. But if we do keep the tryst, as surely as God is love He will keep the same.

Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation
That God, in whom they live and move, is love.
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.

Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.

X. The Homing of Love

"If anyone loves Me, he will obey My teaching; and My Father will love him, and We will come to him and make Our home with him."—St. John, 14: 21-24.

WHERE does Christ feel at home? In what terms might we say to Him, "Abide with us," and dare to hope that He will actually make his home with us?

First, let us take a brief survey of things as they are. Let us ask ourselves a series of simple questions and try to be clear-headed and perfectly frank. We want to know if things are just right and as they should be in this matter of the open door of hospitality to Christ. If not, what is wrong and how might we improve matters? Are we on the right track, or have we switched off?

Let us begin with the missionaries. Jesus says—"With Me, ye can do all things." Do the missionaries show the evidence of that sufficient power to win the world which our Lord promises them on certain conditions of obedience? When you hear them speak, are you thoroughly satisfied with their spiritual efficiency, with their faith, enough and of a kind to overcome the world?

Some of the comments I have heard on missionary speakers have been that "The speaker proved a disappointment," "Had not a vital message," "Spoke too long and said too little," "Did not tell anything practical," "Did not seem to have any vision." The verdict is usually most generous and kindly; but the above comments remain.

Then how about ourselves in the home Church? How many of us have ever in the past clearly shown the Living Christ to one fellow-man? For I take it, that is our function, the reason for our existence as Christians. As the Bishop of London said recently:

The whole purpose for your being born and your being brought into the Church is this—that you might see Jesus and be Jesus to the world, and that however successful in business you may be, however popular with your friends, however much you may be acceptable at home or successful in your club; if you are not seeing Jesus and being Jesus in the world, you are a dead failure.

How about it?

Missionaries often say, "Those people are altogether parochial," "That diocese or that parish seems moribund," "That service was merely a formality, it lacked meaning and purpose and expectation." A missionary who recently returned from the foreign field declared that "Christendom is not in earnest about Christianity; Christendom is merely playing with Christianity."

I think it was Bishop Pattison, of Melanesia, who said that the Solomon Islander is the laziest man on the face of the earth, and went on to describe him as not only too lazy to till the ground, but even too lazy to climb the banana tree from which he draws his sustenance. Instead of climbing, he lies in the shade of the tree, and if a banana drops within reach he will make the effort to stretch out his hand and partake thereof, but only if it drops within reach.

Now, it does seem to be understood by a good many so-called Christians that Christian life consists in men's going to church once a week, when it is not raining, and when the sun is not shining too brightly, and on such occasions sitting under the pastoral banana tree with mouths open in the faint hope that something may drop into the same which will suit their particular line of digestion and by which they may be fed. It is the old halo-polish idea, but a candid study of our Lord's talk on discipleship in the fifteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel will reveal nothing whatever in common between this banana tree conception of the Christian life and our Lord's own conception of living union with Himself, resulting in abundant fruit-bearing.

"And one does not have to go to the missionary to find such opinions expressed. To most of the toilers, the Church is merely a great institution or machine, going

through the motions, but seldom actually producing anything." And concerning the subject of producing anything, Christ says—"By this is God glorified, by your bearing abundant fruit and thus being true disciples of Mine." In other words, according to our Lord's idea, and I expect what He says goes on this subject, "disciples bear fruit."

Has one out of every three persons in this country a grasp of what the message of Christ really is? Has our life ever shown one person what the message of Christ really is? Has our life the power to do that thing? I am not talking about our neighbors, or our rector, or the missionary we support. I am talking about you and me.

Mr. Rollinson, a chaplain in the British Army, is convinced from his experience with soldiers that "men are not in essence irreligious," but, speaking broadly, that "the average man hopes for nothing in the Church," and he goes on to say, "I am quite sure that the reason is to be found in the conventionalism of the Church herself, her incoherence and unreality and the utter futility of her ways."

In the knowledge of Jesus Christ, the Church holds in her hand the possibility of drawing all men unto Him irresistibly, gloriously—but on a certain condition, and that condition is perfectly clear, is within her reach, and there is a way by which she might attain what, according to our present way, looks unattainable, almost hopeless, but the present way *is not the way.*

I agree with the chaplain that the way we have been following for so long is almost futile, that its emphasis is wrong, that even its direction is doubtful.

I do not suppose it ever occurs to as much as one Christian in fifty that according to Christ's own standard, the normal Christian type is a missionary. I do not suppose it occurs to more than one in fifty that unless he himself succeeds in making Christ known to this or that person with whom he associates daily, that person may never see Christ.

We expect our clergy to do it for us, and we gauge their salaries on a very moderate basis of expectation. Some of us rise to heights of paying certain selected individuals to go do this same thing in foreign lands, this thing which we do not think it worth while, or pretend we are unable to do ourselves, to those who walk by our side day after day, after day, after day. It is a marvel to me the amount the clergy really do accomplish, and especially the missionaries. It only goes to show the power of some lives, but I honestly believe that the world will never be won for Christ until we laymen as a body learn to make Him known to our fellows by the great lay-preaching mission of our daily, loyal, living witness and likeness to Jesus, the living witness of Love in action.

The last of these painful questions that I am going to ask is this: Do you think that on the whole the friendship of the home Church is loyal to Christ? Is your personal friendship loyal to Him in the human sense, in the sense that you would expect your best friend or your child to be loyal to you? Let me quote from a letter which speaks to me about a certain girl who is, I have every reason to believe, a true disciple of the Living Christ. The letter says:

> H. is just back from a wonderful six weeks at (a certain university). She had much to do with a Chinese girl there who is in this country studying under a Boxer scholarship, and who took a great hold on H. This Chinese girl told her that she had almost lost her (Christian) faith during an illness after she came to America, because no one ever spoke to her of their Master, nor seemed to count Him in their lives at all. And this is the land from whence had gone the messengers who had taught her people Christianity. She told H. that she was the first girl in America who had seemed glad to talk intimately with her about the things of the soul and the things of Christ. This Chinese girl was educated in a mission school and she is very clever and attractive and musical and lovable. . . . I am glad she found one person, at least, who could and did love to talk with her about our Master.

I want you to note particularly that H. did not pay some one to make an address to the Chinese girl on the subject, "Our Christian Religion," but she personally

loved to talk about Christ. Now let us focus the thing at a particular point. Suppose you, or you, had met that Chinese girl on a secular college committee, would you have loved to talk to her about your Friend of friends, Jesus, or would you have asked her whether they had phonographs as yet in China? How about it?

It is a legitimate criticism that some people bore us to distraction by eternally dragging religion into conversation and interjecting pious platitudes. I knew a man who had a Bible text engraved on his visiting card. We call this cant. All I can say is that cant is insincerity. The fundamentals of true religion are always welcome and never gloomy. We are not bored by men who are loyal to their friends and whose family affection is deep and sincere. Among those who know Him, Jesus is the most perfect of all subjects of conversation and the most fascinating.

"I have called you friends, because all that I have heard from the Father I have revealed unto you." "Him that denieth Me before men, I will deny before My Father which is in Heaven. He who has My (love) commandments and obeys them, he it is who loves Me. And he who loves Me will be loved by My Father, and I will love him and will clearly reveal Myself to him—and We will come to him, and make Our home with him." It is a tryst. "He who obeys!"

It seems to me that it is a straight issue. It is either a loyal, glowing friendship for the living Christ, and power to bear abundant fruit to the glory of God, or it is a weak, sloppy disunion which has the assured prospect of bearing no fruit and being thrown into the fire. I love to face a square issue, and this is clear as day to me, that fruit-bearing in the Kingdom of Christ is entirely dependent on a loyal, loving union, which admits of Christ's calling us "friends" and making known to us the unsearchable riches of God's love in order that we may bear fruit, get results, in making the same known to our fellow-men.

The Chinese girl said, "I almost lost my faith," in the land which is trying to teach China Christianity. Yet one girl's loyalty was all that was needed. Suppose the whole body of Christ were as loyal to Him as that one true disciple, what would the result be?

I know a man who spoke the name "Jesus" in a railroad car—another heard it and saw a great light; and the fourth generation of that living witness wrote recently these words to a girl friend:

> You have certainly made me feel and know a living personal Christ as never before; something that nothing can ever take away. That is a big thing to have done for a fellow creature. . . . How happy you must be, and I know you are, that you are able so successfully to do this tremendous work toward the spread of the Kingdom. It is so different from the idea that being as good as you can and going to Church regularly is all that is required.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light.
Alleluia.

XI. The Tryst of the Mystical Communion

"Abide in Me!"

"For God's Bread is He Who comes down out of Heaven and gives Life to the world."

"Sir," they said, "Always give us that Bread."

"I am the Bread of Life," replied Jesus, "He who comes to Me shall never hunger, and he who believes in Me shall never, never thirst."—St. John, 6: 33-35.

This is the Bread and Wine of the Household of Reality.

God is Light, is Light Himself. We shine, but the light is of God.

God is Life, is Life Himself. We live, but the Life is of God.

God is Love, is Love Himself. We love, but the Love is of God.

OUR LORD'S trysts seem to have their introduction in the plainly understandable *working with Him*. There follows from that the Inasmuch Way, the first step, as it were, into the Fairyland of His Presence, the Kingdom that is not of this world, the Kingdom of Eternal Love. We followed His mind then through the paths of the awakened soul seeking Him, and we found Him along every Love Way of life. And we see the souls of the followers growing in likeness to Him, becoming His love echoes, growing into His Spirit, as it were, and so fulfilling His mission to find Him at the adventure's end—with them eternally.

There is a wonderful day in the earthly life of our Lord, when, realizing that the moments are short and that it is expedient that He go hence, He does that perfectly natural thing, which so many men do, or try to do, or plan to do. At the hour of His betrayal, realizing fully what the morrow is to bring forth, firstly He gathers His followers together, and in the most exquisite ceremony imaginable, He takes water, kneels in the beauty of God's humility and washes their feet. St. Peter cannot

stand it. He resists—"Thou shalt never wash my feet"; but Jesus says, "Except I wash thee, thou hast no part in Me." This was the Apostles' Baptism, the sacramental tryst of the "Come unto Me." It represents, as focused by our Lord's mind, the point of union or grafting into Him. It is intimate; it is personal. It is the welcome at the portal of Love's home.

After supper He gathers around the table with His chosen and dearest ones, and taking two other commonplaces of life, the bread and the wine, He establishes the other great sacramental tryst which the Church calls "The abide in Me," the Supper of our Lord, the feast of the mystical Communion with Him, "the feast of Love," which represents the abiding in the vine and the feeding of His branches. It is Love's family table. The conditions are perfectly specific. They are commanded. The very words of institution are preserved. It is "Do this!"

Chronologically, the institution of the Lord's Supper comes immediately before this utterance, "a new commandment I give you, to love one another. That as I have loved you, you also must love one another. It is by this that every one will know that you are My disciples, if you love one another." St. John 13: 34-35. Weymouth says in the footnote to verse 34: "Some read 'In order that you may love one another,' and if we adopt this reading, then the New Commandment is the Lord's Supper itself." If it indeed be that the Supper of the Lord is the New Commandment, "in order that we may love one another," the result is not to weaken, but to greatly emphasize the Communion and to bind it even more positively upon the Church as the *sine qua non* of her being the society of His fruit-bearing disciples. *It should be ample ground for self-examination* on the part of Protestant neglect and under-emphasis of the Sacrament of our union with Him, and not less so to Catholics, who largely make what should be the focus of our union, actually the stonewall of our pharisaism.

The Lord's Supper was instituted to be the focus of our practice of our "Love one another," and we whose unity it was to bind in Christ and whose disciple love

it was to witness have made of the great "As I have loved you" of Jesus the very partition wall of our disunion, denominationalism and inefficiency.

There are exceptions, but for the most part the positive convictions of the various Christian bodies are founded on true experience of God; and most of their denials, though in the form of denial of belief, are actually the result of lack of experience. Speaking merely as a layman and for my own part, I greatly desire the fellowship of the widest possible reach of Christian experience. It is not a question of tolerance, it is a question of craving, and I am deeply resolved that whenever and wherever the privilege of fellowship in the Holy Communion is offered me by any group of sincere followers of Christ, I will gladly accept that hospitality, and this resolve is not based on any looseness of conception, but on the conviction of the full sacramental purpose and possibilities of the Feast of Love. For this very reason I will never allow the Supper of the Lord to be made a wall of separation between my soul and that of any other disciple of Christ.

All life is to Jesus sacrament. Every outward and visible is a sign, an utterance, a voice, an expression of the Spirit. "It is expedient for you that I go hence." "I will not leave you without Comfort." "I will come unto you." "This do in remembrance." It is a tryst. "Come, let us go hence."

"Except I wash you, you have no part in Me." "This do in remembrance of Me."

I have no wish to enter into a theological discussion. My great desire is centered on arriving at something very practical, which we, as fellow disciples of the Living Christ, can make everyday use of in this matter of supreme importance to us. I mean in the matter of living Communion with Him. You and I can recognize easily enough that there are Christians, so-called Christians, between whom and our Lord the channels of communion are so frail and faint that they are all but undiscernible. There are Christians whose whole Christian life seems to consist of sitting in pews once in a while, when it is

convenient, with whatever soul they may have, not bent on worship or expecting anything, but bent on criticism of everything, of their neighbors, or the service, the sermon, the minister, even of Jesus. But the most casual study of our Lord's mind on the subject of discipleship shows practically nothing in recognition of that type of so-called Christians as disciples. When we think of St. John, or of Mary of Bethany, we think of a figure seated at the feet of Jesus, drinking in His every word and look, trying to fathom the mystery and the wonder of His soul, and the glory of His mind, trying with the whole being to see what He sees and hear what He speaks, when He says that the purpose of God toward men, the meaning of God's love, the possibility of doing His will is *living-in-communion-with-Him;* and then in going out from His Presence, as the Virgin Mother did, keeping all these things in the heart. This is the type of Christian whose faith has that supreme quality of which our Lord made so much—faith, the eyes and ears of the Spirit.

It is the sacramental way of life. Such do not see in a wooden cross two sticks fastened together at right angles, but rather the outward and visible sign of love unutterable; such see in the water not an unnecessary and easily to be dispensed with form, but the oath of allegiance, the naturalization papers, the outward approach to the inward reality of the fellowship of Christ; such see in the bread and wine not the remembrance that Jesus is dead, but the very focus of all the light of the Morning Star of the Resurrection—until He comes again.

The Holy Communion—the common table of the disciples—where Love is centered—is designed to be the home circle of the family of the New Commandment—who love each other, as Jesus loves us.

Hail Jesus!

The peace and holy silence of the hour,
As mystic music, lift our soul to Thee.
Humbly we kneel before Love's mystery.
Hail Jesus! Thee we utterly adore.

And all our trembling being yearns to speak,
Yet ecstasy chokes still the voice of prayer.
Come! Come to us, great Christ! Come very near.
For Thee, Beloved, in earth and Heaven we seek.

For Thee we long, O Living Christ. Thou art
Our one Desire. Come live in us, O Love!
Feed Thou each hungering one, Thyself, O Love!
Hold Thou our cup, and fill each thirsting heart!
Amen!

XII. The Morning Star

The Tryst of the Accomplished Mission
"I will surely come again."

"And this Good News of the Kingdom shall be proclaimed throughout the whole world to set the evidence before all the nations; and then the end will come." St. Matt. 24:3; 25:13.

NOTHING is farther from my intention than to put forth a millennial theory. I acknowledge gratefully that "Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels in heaven, but My Father only." Yet there is nothing plainer in all our Lord's teaching than the sequence: First, The expectation of the Incarnation. Second, Its focus in terms of time. Third, The going to the Father. Fourth, A period of man's induction into a relationship of spiritual union with God while yet in the flesh, as in a mirror and with blurred outlines, which may be called the Sacramental Way. Fifth, the Consummation of Reality, shall we say preceded or initiated by "the coming again" to a prepared kingdom where all the nations of the earth shall be His and He shall reign supreme.

In every case where this tryst of the Second Coming is predicted by our Lord Himself, He emphasizes, whether it be to the individual, or to the Church, or to the world, that it will be *suddenly* and *unexpectedly,* and warns us to be ready. (St. Matt. 24:27.) The impression one gets, from a careful comparison of the various expressions of this promise by our Lord, is that the *time* question does not figure very prominently in His mind, whereas the *being* condition figures very much so. It is how He finds us, rather than when or where. Sometimes it is so much so as to make one think that He is focusing

time at a point, a critical point, in the life of man, when he will either be ready or he will not be, which, made composite of the race, would represent something in the nature of a projection of the infinite in terms of time, or perhaps of the general in terms of the particular. If this does not mean anything to you, at least do not let it bother you. Some day we shall understand. If you do understand it I believe it will help to clear up a number of common difficulties. We often think that death, as it were, seals the book for the individual. Maybe it does, or maybe the book is sealed at that critical point when the soul finally chooses or refuses to know God. A man may never see the stars if he wills to keep his eyes glued to a spot in front of his toes. Jesus Himself says not to cast pearls before swine. It is not an injustice to a hippopotamus to believe that it does not figure to inherit Eternal Life.

The part that really matters and concerns you and me is that Jesus says, "Let not your hearts be troubled. Trust in God. Trust in Me also. I am going to make ready a place for you; and, if I go and make ready a place for you, I will return and take you to be with Me, that where I am, you also may be, and where I am going you will know the way." "I am the Way." "No man comes to the Father except through Me." "Some day I will come again, and you, on certain conditions, will see Me face to face." See Me clearly and know Me in Reality.

What are these conditions? We might refer to many words of our Lord on the subject of personal preparedness, the wise and foolish virgins, for instance. Let us not fail to appreciate that this is an important matter in our Lord's mind that we should be ready. If I must choose one word, and only one, I will say "obedience" is the rock foundation of it all. It is the foundation upon which that structure must be reared, to which even St. Paul had not yet attained, but to which all that he had was irrevocably devoted. Upon obedience is built the power to love, and upon the power to love the keeping of

the trysts, and upon that the companionship of Jesus, the way to the recognition and knowledge of God. No soul is ready for the coming of the King until through obedience, complete response to Christ, it has attained the power to love, through which it shall know God and love Him.

It is not a question of years for you or for me; not necessarily so. The thief on the cross lived in those hours the whole of the Christian experience consummated in Jesus' words, "Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." [In Reality.]

For the Church I cannot but see that the conditions are the same. As regards her obedience, isn't it characteristic that *the last words* of farewell are a reiteration of the commandment to teach the world to love? It is so perfectly natural that Jesus in folding across His face the veil of the Spirit should give us the commandment that should be our part in the Tryst of the Accomplishment. It is certainly a fact that He does so. St. Matthew (24:14) remembers that He said before the Crucifixion, "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be proclaimed throughout the whole world, to set the evidence before all the Gentiles, and then the end will come." Is it any wonder that the Church maintains, at least in theory, that the normal Christian is a missionary, because it is her keeping of this great tryst that the Gospel should reach every man to the ends of the earth? But let there be no mistake. It was His Gospel of His Kingdom, not any other gospel under heaven, that He appointed to be preached to all the nations, and "the charter of His Kingdom is love, and its citizens are lovers."

There are many secrets kept in the heart of God; others, like the new name within the white stone, are spoken of only between the Morning Star and the soul. The hour of the coming is known only to the Father, but a great deal of the circumstances, and the conditions the Judge will look for, and how He will judge, are well known to us, and we are permitted to discuss them. A friend once asked me, "Do you believe that Jesus will

return to the earth again?" and I said immediately, "Yes." But he was thinking of the physical form of Jesus and I was thinking of Jesus the Reality. I cannot but feel that the current so-called millennial expectation would prove a heart-breaking disappointment; that physical conditions make it unlikely; that we are again asking for the sign, when the very object of the Incarnation and the Resurrection was to lead us to the Reality beyond the sign. That those who remain shall see Him, I have no shadow of doubt, provided they shall keep the trysts of reality which He has established. Always in His teachings He speaks in terms of reality—"Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged." This is the judgment of reality. It is often quite misunderstood. The misunderstanding leads from an assumption that God has it in for those who judge others, that He is going to get square with them. That is not what Jesus says. He says we are judged by our own judgment of others; as Pilate, in his judgment of Christ, utterly condemned himself. We are seen as we really are. It is always so in the Kingdom of Reality. Christ's commands are all, and always, on the plane of Reality which is the plane in which God has His Being.

Suppose—and I do not think it unlikely—suppose the second coming of our Lord is partly in our own hands. Have you ever seen Him come into a particular human life and noted the result? Have you ever seen Him come into a particular parish and noted what happened? Suppose it is only as the Kingdom comes, that so will the King come! I mean that it may be that He is coming just in proportion as soul by soul, and group by group, can apprehend Him by faith (fulness). "Lo, I stand at the door and knock" is the perpetual attitude of God toward His children. These are not pretty words—they are the law of God—they are the Way of Love. The language of Christ's references to His second Coming is such as distinctly implies that even the Apostles may expect Him while still in the flesh, that every soul must be prepared. My own feeling is that He has already come; is coming now; and shall yet come more abundantly. This seems to me the reasonable view and that

which gives opportunity to every expecting soul. It seems also to be my own experience.

When Jesus, late in His Ministry, pictures in living words that one far-off divine event when the King of Love shall return, He raises the question, Shall He find faith (fulness) on the earth? And he draws a picture of the Life that is Reality and the death that is death indeed. And the souls of all men draw near, and He says unto these:

"How much can you love, which is the power of Life Eternal?"

They answer, "But Master we never saw You. How could we know You by faith only?"

And He asks again, "Do you remember?" and the vision of all opportunity passes before their eyes.

"Why, yes, we remember," they say.

"And yet, you did it not?"

"No—but—"

"It was I. You did not know Me. You refused to recognize Me. Neither do I recognize you. In My Kingdom only love abides."

"And you," speaking to the others. "How much can you love?"

"So little, Master. We did so little for You; there was China, and Belgium, and—"

"It is enough. Look up and behold my glory. These are they whom you received in My Name. Blessed are you whose love reached unto the world's end. You did not see—but yet you knew. Come you. Come unto Me. I am the Bright and Morning Star. God is love."

"Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure."

XIII. The Echoes of Love

Even so, come, Lord Jesus!—Rev. 22:20.

WE SAID in our introductory meditation that the goal of the whole adventure of God's love is to be the answer to Christ's prayer for the Church. Suppose we pause and read that prayer once more from beginning to end—St. John 17:1-26. That prayer will be answered as surely as God lives. To have a part in the answer to that prayer is to keep a tryst specially dear to Christ, the tryst of our unity in Him.

If we Christians, claiming to bear His name and sign; if we, His very Body, the Church, had the courage and would really open the door and look upon God's Love—we should then, I suppose, under the blazing glory of Love's appeal, make a desperate attempt at, perhaps accomplish, something approaching an adequate response such as, for instance, to make "Love our one occupation"; to reach up out of the very depths to find and know the Father, Who so greatly loved us, His Love-children—and that response would be the dawn of the day of God.

We look into all eternity for a growing knowledge of God, and companionship with Him is indeed for us the end of the great adventure, but this world, also, is God's. It is the God-given opportunity for character building, for loving, for suffering and for following, which we may not have again; but, above all, I do most certainly myself believe that almost all the wonder of the "eye hath not seen or ear heard" promise, may be approached in this world also for those who love Him. I believe, I know, that through the mystical companionship of Jesus, God may be known today, reached out to and found; may be lived with and obeyed by those who believe, trust and loyally follow, seeking Him with mind, heart, soul and strength. I believe that we, being rooted and grounded

in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, and that we may be filled with all the fulness of God. But there is no question that at present we are trifling in our response to Christ.

As long ago as the writing of Locksley Hall men had seen the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be—

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

Then it was an impracticable ideal. Today its concrete terms are being discussed by the statesmen of the world. As to whether any form of a league of nations will actually become fact in the near future, we do not know; but we do know the principles, and even their imperfect recognition and application have made the unity of nations a living issue. What are these principles? Unquestionably the foundation of the present hope has been Christian missions, which, as Dr. Crane says, "Have subsoiled humanity for years, and most of us little appreciate their vast and essential influence in preparing the world-mind for union." Another large factor has been the spreading of commerce and communication over the world—doing things with others, learning as China is learning today that our own country is not the Middle Kingdom.

As John D. Rockefeller, Jr., says: "Obviously personal relations among men must exist in order that the spirit of brotherhood may develop. They furnish the friendly soil in which the germ is nourished and grows." And again, Lord Reading: "We must see to it that out of these terrible scenes of horror and desolation which we have witnessed there will arise a more lofty and more noble spirit among the peoples of the world who would understand each other better, who would have greater love for each other as members of the same humanity and who would strive together to concentrate all that

there is in them for the preservation of liberty and in particular for justice in the world of the future and for the progress of humanity."

One of the prettiest illustrations of this that I know was what followed the admission of homeopaths into the county medical societies. They and the allopaths had been at loggerheads for decades and fairly hated each other, excluding each other from everything, calling each other "unscientific" and claiming each for themselves the divine sanction of intelligence. The bottom dropped out of the whole trouble when the homeopaths were admitted to fellowship. The differences became lost in the acceptances and rejections of a common mind. No one gave up anything, no one signed any treaty, or agreed to anybody else's conditions of faith, yet they are becoming one.

The nations of the earth are being drawn together on the basis, not of scraps of paper and agreements to accept each other's form of government or articles of national faith, but on the basis of the recognition of each other as human being of equal rights to breathe the air that God made and to think the thoughts that God gives them. There will never be a world the nations of which will submit to the arrogant domination of any one nation's culture. Thank God for that! Thank God that we are not to be Prussianized! Thank God, too, that the world is not to be even Americanized; that there will be no rainbow of humanity made up of one dull color, but that the white light of liberty, tolerance and love will be a blending of all the colors of the nations and of all the classes, all the individuals. We cannot desire uniformity, even of saints. It would prove dull, to say the least.

The mystical beauty of Nature is a diversity in unity —and Nature is the thoughts of God breathed forth. How can we desire to make human nature the exception —to force man into a sterile uniformity. Why not rejoice in the glory of Liberty in Unity?

Cannot the Church realize the wonder, the beauty and the basic reality of this principle in all her thoughts on

Christian unity? Would we have a Protestant Episcopal world if we could avoid it? And yet that is apparently what many of us seem to want. Would world-wide Christianity ever submit to the dominance of even the most inclusive of Christian bodies as at present constituted? The very proclamation of a divine authority defined by others, and a chalk-line drawn which must be toed for others, are destructive of the possibility of Christian unity. In a day when even a bishop of the Church says:

> How idle to keep on merely running the Church as if it were some business organization whose success may be determined in annually increasing figures. Can we make ourselves believe that this will answer the world's cry for salvation, groaning and toiling in pain, until now, that it is this the Divine Saviour is to see, this and no more, for the travail of His soul and be satisfied. How terribly hopeless our work, how pitifully inconsequent if a Gospel from Heaven can reach to nothing better.

In a day when a bishop of the Church can say that it is good to know that we have failed because we have been doing the futile thing, it is good to know that there is a Living Way.

We talk a lot about creeds and life. There is an underlying reality in which one may say that all creeds will find their union at last in living Love. It is, as St. Paul says, the thing that will last on. It has the conquering power. The triumph of our fellowship will never be an intellectual stunt.

> Clear and definite convictions in regard to Christian truth are commendable; but we are not saved by the orthodoxy of the head, but by the soul's love of Christ and sincerest loyalty to the full orbed content of the Christian life. This is what makes us Christians. We touch here the living soul of Christianity—Christ, who also is the pulsating heart of the Church. To impair His divine authority and supremacy by any form of reasoning, what is it but to barter away our very soul?—(*W. M. Auld.*)

That is the vital reality. We can trust the truth. The mystic sees this perfectly clearly. One fellow wants to cram his creed down the other fellow's throat. The

Christian mystic knows that God is the reality behind his creed. He is perfectly tolerant of the creed just so long as it makes for God. I don't care how President Lincoln's variety of Christianity may have been branded, but the creed that he lived by must have been a living thing.

As a matter of fact, Lincoln once wrote: "Whenever any Church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of both Law and Gospel, that Church I will join with all my heart and all my soul"; and *The Churchman,* commenting on this, recently said: "The layman's test of fitness for entrance into the school of Christ and the Kingdom of God will, some day, be one of the heart, not of the head. That will be a great day for the Church, for men like Lincoln can then find in it a home."

The *new religion,* I cannot but feel, will be the Christianity of Christ, Whose Mind is universal, all-inclusive, and which does not congratulate itself upon being better than anybody else, to which Pharisaism, separatism, is the complete antithesis, which loves the other fellow as oneself, not because of a sense of virtue, but because we are all one bunch by nature, by Fatherhood, and some day by glad preference.

You and I are perhaps Episcopalians by training or by preference or by social environment, or perhaps even by caste. (God forgive us!) We have a treasury which we honestly value and in the light of which we have tried to live worthy of our calling. But when you pass a Roman Catholic Church, don't you wish (I do) that we could go in and touch the water that has been blessed and kneel with the others and feel at home—one of that bunch? If we had happened to have been brought up in that faith we should believe and feel as they do. It is a wonderful Church, with an *esprit de corps,* with a tremendous missionary zeal, with a longing to conquer the world for Christ. In a time when autocracy was everywhere our forefathers rebelled and a tremendous bitterness ensued. We refused the domination; perhaps we had to, but Cardinal Mercier is one of those Christians. Sometimes I go to Mass and I have never yet been

thrown out or failed to get a seat promptly. Perhaps the sweetest service I ever attended was in a Russian Greek Church in Hankow, China—a beautiful, mystical service which fairly illumined my soul. All stood and kneeled close together. I have stood in a Buddhist temple and prayed to God, as I know Him, for the worshipers there and for myself. I was not praying like a Pharisee. I did'nt feel "better than they." They had so little light, and I had Christ, and I was perfectly welcome there.

And Hebrews, we owe them so much, and we believe all that they believe. St. John and St. Paul were Hebrews.

And the Society of Friends—almost thou persuadest me (in certain moods). And the Salvation Army—are they Christians? Ask the front-line troops.

And how about Protestants? Not a great while ago I had a special invitation from the pastor to commune in a Presbyterian Church in London. Of course, I went. It was a memorial service, in its form—not a sacrament as I know it; but I can remember the death and burial of Christ just as well with Presbyterian Christians as with anybody else. Presbyterians are wonderful Christians. Some of the finest missionary work in the world is done in China by Presbyterians. My own mother was born a Presbyterian. She taught me my Christianity, for what that is worth. It is a pale shadow, a faint echo of her own.

We were too formal, too classy and too indifferent, and by our coldness we drove the Methodists out of our communion. It was our fault, not theirs. There are seven millions of them in the United States. They reach whole groups that we can hardly touch. Are they Christians? I would I were even as those Methodists. They are partial in the hold of truth as it is in Christ. So are all individuals, and therefore so are you and I. We call ourselves Catholic because we have an inheritance and ideals. Perhaps we care about Church unity more than others. We have the most beautiful form of liturgy that the world has ever held. It is a part of our Catholic inheritance. But if we were to come to what we supposed

were the doors of Paradise and should find the words, "Protestant Episcopal Heaven," written above the portal, "Only Episcopalians Admitted Here," we should know by that sign that we should not find Christ there, and that would not be the Fairyland of Reality to us.

"Come, beloved," let us face things as they are and must be. There will never be any Christian unity built on the basis of exclusion and there will never be any Catholic Church worthy of the richness of that wonderful name until we make up our minds to come one and all in the unity of the Spirit, and of mutual understanding and hospitality bringing the last follower of Jesus with us; until we come unto the answer of that prayer, "Father, that they all may be one; as Thou Father art in Me and I in Thee, that they may be one in us and that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. I have declared unto them Thy Name and will declare it that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them and I in them."

Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayers so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.

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